







The wild, south-west Monsoon has risen,  
With broad, gray wings of doom,  
While here, from out my dreamy gloom,  
I look, as from a tomb—Alas!

My heart aches—  
Upon the roof, roof, roof, the rain,  
With reverend pat, pat, pat;  
My chris-tian treasures bear its stain—  
Mould gather on the walls—would Heaven  
“Trove only on the walls?”

Sweet Mother! I am here alone,  
In sorrow, and in pain;  
The sunshine from my heart has flown,  
It feels the driving rain—Ah, me!  
The chil, and mould, and rain.

Four-legged mouth have whelp'd their round,  
Since love upon it smil'd;  
And everything of earth has frowned  
On thy poor, strikes child—sweet friend,  
Thy wavy, suffering child.

I'd watched my loves one, night and day,  
Sleeping where he slept;  
And as my heart ached, I wept,  
I'd run in his bosom—O, God!  
How hard I wept and wept!

They have him from the ship,  
As hearts bear the dead;  
I kissed his speeches, quivering lip,  
And left him on his bed—Alas!

I seemed a coffin-bred:  
When from my sister's tomb,  
In all our grief, we came,  
Rememberous than your vacant room?  
Well, he was just the same, that day,  
The very, very same.

Then, Mother, little Charley came—  
Our beautiful fair boy,

With his golden, golden name—  
But, O, he brought no joy!—My chid  
Brought mourning, and no joy;

His little grave I cannot see,

Though weary months have sped

Sins pitying lips beat over me,

And whispered, “Lie it dead!”—Alas!

“Tis dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean for one like me,

—So wavy, worn, and weak,—

Death's shadowy presence seems to be,

Even now, upon my cheek—his seal

On form, and brow, and cheek;

But for a bright-winged bird like him,

To hush his joyous song,

And sing, in a cold, cold,

Join Death's sonorous throng—My boy

To join that surely-sigh!

O, Mother, I can scarcely bear

To think of this to-day!

It was so exquisitely fair,

—That little form of thy—my heart

Still lingers by thy bays.

And when for one loved far, far more,

Came thickly gathering tears,

My star of life is clouded o'er,

I sink beneath my fears—sweet friend,

My heavy weight of fears.

O, should he not return to me,

Dear, dear, dear life's night?

And, as I weep, I can scarce see,

Even now the gathering gloom—my soul

Faints, stricken by the night.

Or, but to feel the food rests twine

Around me, once again!

It almost seems those lips of thine

Might kiss away the pain—mioch sooths

This dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle Mother, through life's storms,

I may not lean on thee,

For helpless, cowering little form

Clinging to me—“For bakes!

To have no guide but me!

With weary feet, and broken wing,

With bleeding heart, and sore,

The dark clouds follow, sorrowing,

But, gentle Mother, more thy breast

Seeks never, never more.

Sweet Mother, for the wanderer pray,

Her brooks roll all sweet a-way,

That she may lean on Heaven—her soul

Grow strong on Christ and Heaven.

All fearfully, all miserably,

Alone and sorrowing,

My dim eye lifted to the sky,

Fast to the cross I cling—O, Christ!

To thy dear cross I cling.

MAULMAN, AUG. 5, 1850.

Correspondence Southern Christian Advocate.

#### A MILITARY DISPLAY IN CHINA.

SHANGHAI, Sept. 12, 1850.

A Chinese military review is not one of the least singular sights in this singular country. The Chinese are a race of warlike, and ludicious appearance of a Chinese soldier. To begin with his head—he wears upon it a hat or cap, whatever you please to it, of conical shape, having a tuft of horse-hair, dyed red and fastened on the top and hanging down its sides. In full dress uniform, he wears a clumsy quilted garment, wadded with cotton. It extends below the knees, and on the back is a large round patch of white, which is attached upon it, in flannel, red, the characteristic of bravery. This course is best seen by the eye, when he walks, and they have never failed to display it to the world, in their every engagement with foreign troops. If they argue from the maxim that “discretion is the better part of valor” they are right, for run bravely they certainly do. You would suppose that they reviewed upon the hideous din of their gongs and horns to frighten their foes to death—A man who had a very delicate sense of the “concord of sweet sounds” would likely to draw their music more than their bullets.

I went this morning to see one of these martial displays, carrying with me, however, a supply of messengers of peace in the form of tracts. The parade ground is a large open space without the city walls, on the South, about two miles from my residence. When I reached the spot the soldiers—for one department of the military use bows and arrows—had finished their exercises, and two of the three muskets were exhibiting their strength skill in dodging, while their antagonists exerted themselves so to strike a target with bows and arrows of their own. Had you seen the dexterity of these officers on the occasion you would agree with me in the opinion that the safest course for one to take who wished to avoid being hit, would be to go and stand by the mark—Just as one had discharged his three arrows, he discovered me among the multitude, by my dress, and, as he was shooting, took me, by the hand, and seated me by his side near a small table. I was admiring the workmanship of a bow standing against the table, and the mandarin, to whom it belonged requested me to

I begged him to excuse me, saying that I had never used one of that kind; but as

he still insisted, I took an arrow, placed it on the string, and sent it away whizzing toward the mark, which it missed of course, but went so far beyond it as to elicit a shout of approbation from the people crowded around. They exclaimed, “The foreigner's strength is greater than the mandarins’—for most of their arrows had fallen short of the mark. My courteous friend seemed a little mortified, and he hastened to unsheathe his sword, while the people said, “Let the foreigner show again.” Let the foreigner shoot again. He then filled a cup of tea and tobacco, lighted it by drawing a puff or two himself, and then wiping the mouth piece with his hand, gave it to me with a graceful bow. This was designed as a compliment, and not liking to be considered rude by declining it so publicly, I took it, and then, after a few sips, with too much boldness, said to my host, “I am a sufficient indolent, and we will soon on our way to the dwelling of sorrow.” The mother was hanging in a doorway, a pale and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever. The minister, after watching him a few moments, turned to the lady and said, “This poor little fellow should be kept perfectly quiet, madam, he should not be excited in any manner.”

“Sir,” said she, “will you offer a prayer?” At first he hesitated, fearing the effect upon the mother, but then a second thought knelt at the bedside, and said, “I offer the children to come unto me.” The moment he commenced speaking, the little sufferer, who till now seemed unconscious of his presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his large dark eyes upon him, listened intently to every word. The minister rose from his knees, said a few words to the mother, and went away, leaving a child in a perfectly tranquil state. The minister, in the first intelligence which greeted him, was that little Frank had died during the night.

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